

B.A. DEGREE EXAMINATION, APRIL 2022
BRANCH XII - ENGLISH
SIXTH SEMESTER

COURSE: MAJOR CORE

TIME: 3 HOURS

TITLE: LITERATURES OF AUSTRALIA, CANADA AND NEW ZEALAND

MAX. MARKS: 100

SECTION A

I. Answer any three of the following in about 500 words each. (3x15=45)

1. Explain the significance of “the ecstasy” in George Ryga’s play.
2. Analyse Alice Munro’s “Wilderness Station” as a Southern Ontario Gothic story.
3. Analyse Wacousta Lodge as an important character in “Wilderness Tips”.
4. Discuss the ways in which the settler and Maori culture are represented in “The Room”.
5. How does “American Dreams” depict small town Australia?

SECTION B

II. Answer any two of the following in about 600 words each. (2x20=40)

6. Discuss the portrayal of the indigenous identity as seen in “Integration—Yes!” and “Indian Woman”.
7. Compare and contrast the ways in which Peter Carey and Thomas King depict art as an alternative to reality.
8. How do Margaret Atwood and Alice Munro represent “the wild” and “wilderness” in their respective short stories?
9. Is the act of remembering important, according to Lionel Fogarty? Explain your answer with reference to the poem.

SECTION C

III. Analyse the following excerpt from *Truth and Bright Water*. (1x15=15)

10.

Lum and I figured that Soldier would be more fun if he knew some tricks, so we tried to teach him a few, like how to roll over and how to sit up and how to count with his paw, but I guess he was too small.

“This is one stupid dog,” Lum told me.

“He’s just a baby.”

“Hope he knows how to fight,” said Lum. “Otherwise, he’s in deep shit.”

The amazing thing about Soldier was how fast he grew. The more you fed him, the more he grew. At three months, he was a good-sized dog, as big as many of the other dogs in Bright Water. And he was only half-grown.

And he was friendly. Lum would roll him around in the dirt and throw rocks at him. Once Lum hit him in the back leg with a baseball bat, and Soldier went down in a heap. He lay there whimpering and couldn't get up, and in the end we had to carry him home.

"Didn't hit him that hard."

"You almost killed him!"

"Dog's a wuss."

"You're really mean, Lum."

"You're a wuss, too."

My father thought the leg was broken. "I don't know what they do with dogs," he told me.

"What do you mean?"

"Well," said my father, "they shoot horses."

That night, Soldier crawled under the bed and curled up in his favourite corner. All night, I listened to him shift around and cry. I leaned over the bed and called to him and tried to get him to come up on the bed where I figured he'd be more comfortable, but he was hard into the corner and you could see he wasn't going to move.

Soldier was up the next day, limping badly. You'd think that he would've been angry, but when Lum came by to see how he was doing, Soldier wiggled and limped around after him as if Lum were his best friend.

"Hey, you're one tough puppy," said Lum.

"Dad says his leg might be broken."

Lum was almost two years older than me, so most of the time we did what he wanted to do. Which was okay with me, because he was always doing neat things. One day, we were down at the river fishing. I don't know what happened, but Lum slipped and fell in the water. By the time he got to shore, he was mad as hell.

"Sonofabitch," he shouted at me. "You pushed me!"

"No, I didn't."

"Fucking liar!"

"No way! "

I sat down on the bank and waited for Lum to cool off. He walked back and forth along the river, yelling at the trees and the sky. Then he bent down and picked up a stick and turned on me. He hit me once before I could move, but as he pulled back to take another swing, Soldier charged down the bank and jumped between us.

Soldier didn't make a sound. The hair on his neck sprang up, and he stood there with his legs braced and watched Lum and the stick.

"What're you going to do, doggy?" Lum took a quick step forward to see if Soldier would move. But he stayed put and began growling low in his throat.

"So, you think you're a dog soldier?" said Lum. "You think you're some big brave dog soldier?"

I knew if Lum had come at me with the stick again, Soldier would have stopped him, and I think Lum knew it, too. He stood there with the stick in his hand, watching Soldier. Finally, he cocked his arm and sent the stick sailing into the river.

"Fetch it, asshole," he shouted.

Soldier watched the stick land in the water, and then he turned back to Lum.

"Dog soldier saved your ass today, cousin," said Lum.

"I didn't push you," I said. "You just fell."

"Next time," Lum said, "you might not be so lucky."

After that day at the river, I began calling the puppy Dog Soldier. My mother didn't like the name much, but she said he was my dog and I could call him anything I wanted. My father liked the name and spent part of one Saturday telling me about dog soldiers, when I would rather have been at the matinee at the Frontier.

“They were the bravest men in the tribe,” he told me. “The ones who stayed behind and protected the people from attack.”

“So, they weren’t dogs.”

“Sometimes they would tie themselves to a stake or an arrow so they couldn’t retreat.”

“Why’d they do that?”

“Because they were brave.”

“But why were they called dog soldiers?”

“No idea,” said my father.

I don’t remember when we began simply calling him Soldier. It just happened. It was as though it had always been his name, and had been waiting for him to find it. I thought it was a pretty good name, but Lum said he didn’t care.

“I guess you got to call the mutt something.”

Each night, Soldier would crawl under my bed and settle into the corner. As I went to sleep, I could hear him grunting and moving about, getting comfortable. And each morning, I would find him at the edge of my bed, watching and waiting for me to wake.
